

Gladie's

LITERARY



Museum

ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

(Continued.)

which struck to all his limbs. His clothes were entirely penetrated by a glutinous moisture, which poured itself down the walls: his hair also was glued together, and stuck to his face; his arms and legs were benumbed.¹ ‘Millions of thunder bolts,’ cried he, ‘now I am as comfortably settled as d’Omerville:’ he had no time for further remarks. ‘The uncertain light of a dark lantern fell on his eyes, and his hand was seized by that of another.’² ‘By the large plume of black feathers, which waved over the bed of state in Grasville Abbey, which had been hung with black for the reception of a corpse,’³ cried he, ‘avaunt, Zampari! I am not Vivaldi; and I have neither dreamed of you, nor of your poniard, beneath a fold of your garment.’⁴ In reply to this address, the ‘unknown made a signal of silence;’ mr. Dob prepared to renew his interrogation:—‘a pistol was presented to his breast.’⁵ ‘Really,’ said he, somewhat startled by this abrupt appearance, ‘you are more uncivil than Julia’s cousin; for he only placed his finger on the lips of d’Omerville.’⁶ The stranger, without ‘raising his veil,’ threw himself into the arms of Dob, with transport pressed him to his heart, while a profound sigh seemed to escape him.⁷ ‘I am vastly obliged to you for this friendly behavior,’ said Dob, gratefully pressing the hand of the unknown, ‘I should like to know who you are.’ The stranger made no reply; but, drawing from beneath his robe ‘a vestment similar to his own, made him a sign to cover himself with it, and to be silent.’ This done, the unknown threw a veil over his head, embraced him once more, renewing his signal for silence, and his menace of death. He then took him by the hand, and led him forth. They descended about thirty steps, when the guide stopped to set down

his lamp. Dob rushed on him to snatch from him his arms; but the stranger, suddenly raising himself, presented his pistol: then falling at mr. Dob’s feet, he seemed to deplore, and intreat forgiveness, for the violence he had threatened. Surprised at this strange conduct, Dob extended his hand to raise the suppliant, ‘who seized it with avidity, pressed it to his heart, and made him a sign to descend, and continue silent.’⁸ ‘I wish you’d embrace me a little less, and talk to me a little more,’ (said mr. Dob:) put aside your caresses, and your pistols, and tell me fairly who you are.’ ‘If I tell you,’ said the stranger in a whisper, ‘you would know me directly, and the reader would no longer be kept in suspense.’ ‘Oh! that alters the case! I am always ready to hear reason; but, at least, tell me where are you leading me?’ ‘It is to a spacious apartment, where I shall find only two persons, one of whom seeming, by his piercing eye, and extraordinary physiognomy, to be an inquisitor, will wear on his head a kind of black turban; the other will be uncovered, and his arms bared to the elbows. I shall see a book with some instruments of singular appearance, and a gigantic crucifix will be stretched nearly to the vaulted roof. At the lower end, suspended from an arch in the wall, will be a dark curtain.’⁹ ‘Talking of curtains, by the bye, I must tell you I’ve no great liking for them, ever since I looked behind that in the niche of the saloon.’ The unknown here placed his finger on his lip, and the end of a pistol on his breast.¹⁰ ‘The devil fly away with him, as he did with Ambrosio,’ muttered mr. Dob to himself, ‘and his pistol too, which I sincerely hope won’t go off any more than did Rasoni’s on d’Omerville in the ruins of Tivoli; or those two which d’Omerville himself aimed at the spectre, which appeared to him in the castle of the marquise de la Chiesa.’¹¹ This everlasting embracer is doubtless going to

conduct me, as he formerly led sir Charles, to a female weeping before a dial.' Scarcely had he ended this observation, when he saw before him an immense piece of mechanism, of the use of which he was entirely ignorant.'¹² 'Observe, (said his conductor,) between two hollow cylinders of brass, three feet in diameter, is an enormous wheel of iron, armed on its circumference by twenty four prongs, divided in the middle by a hinge, and having at each point a ball of brass.'¹³ 'Et cetera, et cetera, (exclaimed Dob, impatiently,) now you are going to bother me with the levers, and the wheel-work, and the oscillatory motion of the stamp. My good friend, send the description of your machine to the Encyclopedia, it would cut a figure there; in the mean time, I should like to know what you are going to do with me?' His conductor pulled the veil over his face, placing one hand on his mouth, and drew him onwards hastily. When they gained the staircase he resumed his lamp, led his captive back to his dungeon, and stopping for a moment at the door of his cell, he 'again embraced'¹⁴ Dob, who exclaimed, 'What a rage for embracing! it serves you instead of words: but as all this long walk has only brought me back again, without having got me on a single step, I think you might just as well have left me quiet; you need only have wished me ironically good night! like madame de Sevrac's jailor.'¹⁵

CHAP. VII.

On finding himself once more alone, mr. Dob walked quickly for some minutes up and down his dungeon. He suddenly struck his foot on something which rang against the pavement, he brought his lamp near to it, and perceived, with horror, the sword which he had before seen in the chevalier de Germeuil's chamber. Terror deprived him of motion, he fell on his knees, placed his lamp on the floor, and examined minutely the dreadful weapon, which was too remarkable to be easily mistaken.¹⁶ He at that moment heard a slight rustling near him, and expected to find another enemy: either to take him another walk, or to give him some more embraces. Extremes, they say, are nearly allied; excess of terror inspired Dob with something like temerity. He resolved to take possession of the sword, and to use it courageously for his defence.¹⁷ 'Oh! (said he,) I will not be less bold than Sabina, tho' I've not got in my pocket any little crucifix of ebony, with the word 'remember' engraved on the back, and tho' I am not come to confess to the father Palermo, who is a rascal, like all other monks in romances.'¹⁸ At the moment when he stooped to pick up his sword, a thought crossed his mind. He looked around.... 'Well, (said he,) as there is no image of the Vir-

gin to bow its head, and heave a deep sigh,¹⁹ I shall make bold to take this sword.' He did so; and then fixed his eye on the corner whence the voice proceeded. Soon he beheld a stone in the wall tremble, then move, and, at length, disappear, while thro' the aperture entered a tall figure in the habit of a lay-brother, enveloped in a long robe, and on his head was a night-cap. 'Sir,' said he, in a gentle tone, calling mr. Dob by his name, 'I am come to save you.' Our intrepid hero made no reply, but lanced on him a dreadful cut with his sword, which, however only pierced his cowl. 'Why,' exclaimed the monk, a little angrily, 'you are as ungrateful and as ill-bred as mons. St. Aubert: when, like Valancourt, I come to do you a service, you reward me, not with 'a pistol-shot,' which 'breaks my arm,'²⁰ but with the stroke of a sword, which cuts my cow! Your vehemence is very useless, as you have no daughter for me to be in love with, and that is not necessary to create any pretence or order to keep me near you. Indeed, mr. Dob, I expected better behavior from you, especially as you owe me a thousand obligations.' 'Well, well, let's see,' said mr. Dob, somewhat ashamed of his impetuosity, are you the cousin of Julia, or else Jeannette, who each of them rescued d'Ormeville from prison;²¹ or are you Justia Latour, or the young priest who saved Sabina;²² or Nicola, who assisted Julia;²³ or Olivia, who led Ellena to the gate of the garden of the abbey della Pieta;²⁴ or are you the robber Uloff, who assisted in saving mr. Milverne and Felix;²⁵ or perhaps you are the centinel, who quitted his post in order to drink some Tuscan wine; or rather, in order to give Emily, Annette, and Dupont, an opportunity of getting out of the castle of Udolpho.²⁶ 'No, (replied the monk,) I am not any one of those renowned personages.' 'What then can be the obligations you speak of?' 'In the first place, I am come to serve you, contrary to my usual custom; for to keep up my character of monk, I ought only to appear for some bad purpose. Indeed, I should not like the authors of English romances to know what I am about! In the second place, I come to offer you the means of freeing yourself from your 'durance vile,' by a most simple method, as you will see. Here is a little vial, containing a juice extracted from certain herbs, known but to few, which brings on the person who drinks it the exact image of death. You must swallow a few drops of it: after which your blood will gradually cease to flow, and your heart to beat; a mortal paleness will spread itself over your features, and you will appear a corpse to every eye:²⁷ those who watch you will believe you dead; and, in the space of eight-and-forty hours

after you have swallowed it, you will be restored to life.'²⁸ 'What wonderful properties!' exclaimed Dob, examining the bottle. 'It is, (returned the monk,) the same as was used for Agnes,²⁹ for Antonia, 30 for mr. Milverne, 31 for sir Charles,³² for lady Kelly;³³ in short, it is that which is used on *all* occasions when it is necessary to withdraw a personage for a time, to bring him back again when wanted.' 'That is very well, (said mr. Dob;) but suppose you should once have made a little mistake, and that you should really give me a dose of poison!' 'You need be under no apprehensions: you may observe that the liquor is greenish; and I give you my word it is taken from 'the third shelf on the right in the laboratory of St. Clare's convent.'³⁴ You know that is the proper place.' 'I know that full well, reverend father; but, with your permission, I'd rather escape by a 'long and dark passage,' even if you were to hide me under your mantle, as the young priest did Sabina.³⁵ I dare say she was something thinner than I am: but then the jailors may shut their eyes a bit more; or, let the worst come to the worst, they can look another way! Perhaps you would like better to put on me the disguise of a monk? If Percival, Maserini, Sisara, and Clementina, contrived to pass under that dress, at ten o'clock at night, in the face of a whole convent, merely holding a handkerchief to their faces,³⁶ we surely have as good a right to do as much. Your little bottle is, I know a great resource; but if these robbers, like those of Grasville abbey, have not a cavern on purpose for the sepulchre, the entrance of which is hid by a pedestal; if, in order to frighten an unfortunate Matilda, who is hid behind a bush, and to puzzle the reader they were to carry me in procession, which certainly could only serve to discover them, tho' one of them was dressed as a priest of holy orders;³⁷ if they were to put six feet of earth on my body, you will own that I should then not find it very easy to get out;

[*To be continued.*]

1, 2. Celestine.	21. Celestine.
3. Grasy. Abbey.	22. Hubert de Sev.
4. Italian.	23. Sicilian Romance.
5. The Tomb.	24. Italian.
6. Celestine.	25. G. Abbey
7, 8. Tomb.	26. Udoipho.
9. Italian.	27, 28, 29, 30, Monk
10. Tomb.	31. G. Abbey
11. Celestine.	32, 33. Tomb
12, 13, 14. Tomb.	34. Monk.
15, 16, 17, 18, 19. Sevrac.	35, De Sevrac
20. Uadolpho.	36, 37, G. Abbey

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1818.

A hair-dresser of this city, in his advertisement, informs the public, that he will cut hair in the most fashionable style, and after the operation, should it not please, he will make no charge, and will *replace the hair in its former situation!* We have witnessed resuscitation, when a body was supposed to be entirely dead; but, we think it would puzzle even Dr. P. our most celebrated surgeon, to join 1 or 2000 hairs after being clipped from the head.

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Utile Dulce.

'To reform the faulty, and give an innocent amusement to those who are not so.'

[*By our Letter-Box.*]

THE MIRROR OF REAL LIFE.

By an association of Female Spies.

PICTURE SIXTH.

Fame either swells the number beyond its just extent, or there are now no less than Twenty-three treaties of marriage either concluded, or on the carpet, between persons of condition, of which scarce the odd three afford the least prospect of felicity to the parties concerned.

Can MRS. TULIP, in the autumn of her age, tho in her dress gaudy as the flower whose name she bears, imagine her antiquated charms will be able to reclaim the wild, the roving heart of young Briskcommon? Not but that gentleman has sense, honor and good-nature; qualities which could not fail of making him know what was due to the merits of Claribella, had the condition of his fortune permitted him to marry her. But his intended bride must become more contemptible in his eyes, than even her grey hairs could make her, when he reflects on the vanity which infatuates her so far, as to deprive her lovely niece of what might have made the happiness of her life, only to purchase to herself the name of wife, to one young enough to be her son.

Who sees PHILIMONT and DARIA together, without perceiving that nothing can be more adored by Philimont, than Daria; nothing be more dear to Daria than Philimont? Do not the equally enamored pair seem to shoot their very souls to each other at every glance? Is Daria ever at the theatre, the concert, the ball, without her Philimont? Or does Philimont think any company entertaining, if Daria is absent? Yet Philimont is on the point of marriage with Emelia, and Daria has been long betrothed to Belmour: strange chequer-work of love and destiny!

What reason has SABINA to boast of charms superior to the rest of her sex, or flatter herself with being always the object of Theomene's wishes? Have not his vows been prostituted to half the fine women in town, and if he persisted in those he made to her so far as marriage, is it not because her fortune is larger than theirs, and

more enables him to discharge those debts his extravagances had contracted?

How bitterly does DALINDA repent her giving way to an inconsiderate passion, which hurried her to throw herself into the arms of the mean-born, but meaner souled, ill-natured Macro! She imagined, as she has since confessed, that by marrying one so infinitely beneath her, she would have been sole mistress of herself and fortune; that he would never dare to take any privileges with the one, without her permission, nor pretend to have the least command over the other; and that instead of being under the authority of a husband, she should have found in him an obsequious slave: but poor mistaken woman! Macro no sooner was possessed of the power, than he made her see a sad reverse to all her her expectations; he was so far from regulating the affairs of her estate and family according to her pleasure, or as she had been accustomed to do, that he plainly shewed he took a pride in contradicting her; he consulted her inclinations in nothing, and even before her face gave commands, which he knew would be the most disagreeable to her, and which if she offered to oppose, told her in the rudest manner, that he was master, and as such would be obeyed. At first she raved, reproached him with ingratitude, and vowed revenge; but what, alas! could she do! she had taken no care that proper settlements, in case of accidents, should be made, and was ashamed to have recourse to any of her kindred, whom she had disgraced and disengaged by so unworthy a match. The resentment she testified therefore only served to render her condition worse, and add new weight to the galling yoke she had so precipitately put on: he retrenched her equipage and table; set limits even to her dress; would suffer her neither to visit, nor be visited, but by those he approved, which were all creatures or relations of his own, and such as she had been little used to converse with; denied her even pocket-money; took every measure he could invent to break her spirit, and make her wholly subservient to his will till at last his tyranny got the better, and has now reduced her to the most abject slavery.

Tremble, MARIANA, lest your father's clerk should prove another Macro; and rather endure the short-lived pangs of combating an unhappy inclination, than by yielding to it, run the hazard of miseries, to which death alone can put a period.

A few days hence, tis said, will crown the mutual wishes of Myrtano, and the amiable Cleora. The friends on both sides are consenting; the marriage articles are signed; the sumptuous equipage prepared; the country seat new beautified;

the bridal bed adorned, and every thing completed, that industrious ostentation can invent, to make the ceremony, affected to be called private, as pompous and magnificent as possible. Yet, how can Cleora assure herself of being always happy in the constancy of her Myrtano, when she is not insensible a lady equal to herself in fortune, and no way her inferior in the perfections of mind or person, is a melancholy instance of an unfortunate mutability in his nature! Did he not once pursue Brilliante with all those dying ardors he has lately done Cleora? Was not the whole town witness of the adoration with which he treated her; nay, did he not for her sake commit some extravagances, which as nothing but the most violent and real passion could occasion, so could be excused by nothing less? Yet did he not, without even a pretence for it, all at once forsake, renounce, seem to forget he had ever loved this Brilliante, and declare himself the votary of Cleora?

Ah Cleora! you triumph now, tis true, and may you ever triumph, since the divine rites of marriage make it criminal to wish otherwise; yet much is to be feared, and very little to be hoped. Nothing is more uncertain than inclination, and a heart that once has varied, without being able to assign any motives for its change, may possibly do the like again; and a time arrive, in which yourself may stand in need of that commiseration, your vanity and joy now hinders you from bestowing on a luckless, tho not undeserving rival; while she, cured of her abused and ill-requited tenderness, may fill the arms of a more constant man, and taste the felicities of mutual truth with higher relish, by having been once deceived.

THE NEW MEMBER.

TO JEALOUS WIVES.

Jealousy arises *with* or *without* cause. Suppose the former case, what ought a *Wife* to do? She must recal her husband's affection. How? by the deportment which originally inspired attachment: *Prudence* must bandage her eyes; *tenderness* and *delicacy* must govern her voice. These are all the means which nature and education have given her. If she cannot recal affection—will she make herself, her family, her husband, better off, by invoking the pity of a malicious world.

If she has no cause for jealousy, but her own imagination, she is on the unsteady margin of a

continually swelling flood. Her eyes are too intensely fixed on the torrent to perceive how she stands; and she is overwhelmed, and ingulphed, before she is aware of danger.

Marriage precludes neither party from admiring virtues, and excellencies in others. Moral, intellectual, and physical excellence, combined in a *fine woman*, present a subject of admiration to which no man can, or ought to be insensible. A husband may admire—but his admiration is like that which he bestows on a picture, a poem, or a landscape. If the opinion of a wife, who is conscious of self respect and merit, and who honors her husband as he should be honored, his susceptibility to such beauties, should awaken no alarm, should produce no uneasiness. She should remember that a high minded and honorable man, who is conscious of all dutiful and affectionate emotions towards her, cannot endure the trammels of suspicion. She puts in motion and hastens the departure of the love she would enchain; and she finds herself at length, cruelly punished for her indiscretion, in having substituted aversion and the sorrows of wounded pride, for the love which was and might still have been, all her renown.

[*Boston Gaz.*]

MATILDA.

Select Sentences on Conversation.

When we are engaged in conversation, let us consider rather what will be requisite for us to say, than what we shall be gratified in saying.

Petty contradictions are not the spur but the quietus of agreeable conversation.

Discussions of important points may sometimes be pursued in company with improvement or pleasure, but then the weapons of controversy must be wielded by masters of the science who possess real command of temper as well as information, who can gracefully submit to defeat, and who scorn to pursue a victory after it has been acknowledged.

Young people who copy their gentility from faulty models are extremely apt to suppose that fastidiousness is a proof of taste; or else that excessive laughing, demonstrates a prodigious deal of wit, or a monstrous quantity of good humour. The first of these, mistaken fashionists, like Dr. Johnson's Anthea, pre-determines to spoil every party, to meet with nothing right, and, in fact, to realise the power attributed to the toad of extracting poison from every object.

Humorous.

"I love to laugh! never was a weeper!"

[*By our Letter-Box.*] ——

In London, an emigrant nobleman lately asked lady ——, "Why it was generally remarked abroad, by foreigners, that the Scotch, who travel, were men of parts and learning, while the English were generally wanting in both? Her ladyship, with her usual vivacity, replied, That only fools went out of England; but, for Scotland, none but fools would stay in it. A Scotch nobleman, neither famous for parts nor learning, observed, that her ladyship was right with regard to the Scotch; for, says he, there are offices established in Scotland where every Scotchman must apply for a passport before he can leave the country; and previous to the granting thereof, he is examined with regard to his intellect and education; and should thay not arrive to the standard fixed, no passport is granted, but he is sent back for improvement: on a second application the same form is observed; but should he apply a third time, and then be found wanting, he is remanded back for life. "Then," replied her ladyship, "I am sure your lordship was smuggled!"

**THE LADIES' MAN.**

You cannot conceive, Messrs. Editors, what a fine thing it is now a days to be a Ladies' Man; with this title you can enter into the gentlest companies; have the exquisite pleasure of handing the pretty little belles about the room or city; you may romp, dance, and sing, eat and drink with them; you can always be supplied with money, not by means of your own labor and fatigue; nor from the remains of a legacy left by some benevolent; but by—stop, I'll tell you by what—You must know, sirs, I am one of those who have the honor of bearing this distinction from the rest of mankind. Gentlemen know it, they would wish to have my good will and friendship, that they may be introduced to some of those belles dames in the circle of my acquaintance. Accordingly I step with one to the Coffee-house, with another to the Mansion-house, and with a third to the City-hotel. I taste lemonade, hot punch, crackers, &c. without ever paying a cent. This is one advan-

tage I enjoy. When I want cash to pay my landlord or taylor, I visit my female friends, and rob them very genteely of their handkerchiefs, fans, lockets, rings, combs, and whatever I can catch. This is not stealing, it is only the innocent exercise of a little fashionable gallantry; and if any should be mean enough to demand a restoration, I put her off handsomely, by telling her I must keep something in remembrance of her, lest thro forgetfulness I should be deprived of the pleasure of contemplating, imaginarily, in a sequestered spot, her beauteous self—this is flattery—she is silenced, and I keep the goods. By these means, in a very short time, I can get valuables enough to fill a pretty large trunk. If now a notion takes me to go to another city, I sell enough privately, to defray travelling expenses, take the rest with me, and by selling them too, I get enough to bear me up, till I am sufficiently acquainted to carry on the like gallant actions there.

Nor is this all—I very frequently take from the ladies, some of the best fruits, which I afterwards dispatch at my leisure. Being the other evening in company, I saw a young lady have a very fine orange—my mouth watered for it; after a little joking, and a few feint attempts to grasp it, I in the true style of a ladies' man, snatched it out of her hand, and after I got to my lodgings it afforded me a very delicious mouthful. This was not robbery or plundering—O, no, it was a specimen of gallantry—no one took it amiss. Such gentlemen, is the glorious life we lads of the fair lead—we are happy, merry, well supplied, and always in the good graces of the ladies.

[*Boston Centinel.*]

FLOWERSMILE.

Dialogue between a Lady and a Milliner, at Paris.

"Madame, I am just come to town; pray have the goodness to inform me how I must appear, to be in the fashion."

M. Tis done in a moment; in two minutes I can equip you in the first style: Have the goodness to take off that bonnet.

L. Well!

M. Off with that petticoat.

L. There it is!

M. Throw off that handkerchief.

L. Tis done.

M. Away with them sleeves.

L. Will that do?

M. Yes, madame, you are now in the fashion!

Sentimental and Pathetic.

"Blest is the heart that feels for others' woes!"

[*By our Letter-Box.*]

ON THE DEATH OF A WIFE:

In a letter from the Widower to his Sister.

Why, my beloved Matilda, would you wish to draw me into society, when its brightest ornament is lost to me for ever? or why offer arguments to induce me to become a member of community, when every feeling of my heart is centered in the grave? Pardon the expression, dearest Matilda, nor suppose for a moment that the violence of grief absorbs natural affection, or that the heart of your brother disclaims fraternal love! Yet you, who witnessed the refinement of my felicity, and knew the purity of the source from whence it was derived, can never blame me for nurturing in solitude the image of my Eliza, or for retracing in remembrance joys forever fled. You, who were no stranger to her fondness for retirement, and the calm enjoyment which a country life affords, must never expect me to mix in that heterogeneous association which those are compelled to submit to who lead a city life. How joyfully did we disencumber ourselves from the constraints of society, for that close and sublime intercourse where our inclinations were free, and where a mutuality of thought and affection augmented pleasure, and increased delight! If the tear of sensibility glistened in my eye, the soft infection was reflected in Eliza's; and the grief that agitated or swelled my bosom gave poignant anguish to her more gentle breast.

Oh! Matilda, what have I possessed, and of what am I deprived! Great God! at the very moment that I thought myself secure, death struck his lovely victim in my arms, whilst I, impotent, could not ward the blow! Direful moment! How was my heart appalled when I beheld her faded palid cheek, where late the blooming rose of health had reigned, and those eyes dim that used to beam so bright! Oh! Matilda, pity thy wretched brother's woes! but, can thy sharing mitigate his grief?

Fool that I am, I sometimes try to think the event a visionary dream, and call with fondness on her darling name: at other times, extend my eager arms, expecting to embrace her lovely form: whilst her well-known step seems to reverberate on my listening ear, and promise a renewal of delight! Oh! my sister, what a transition! I, who have enjoyed the summit of human happiness, have suddenly been hurled from the unstable seat,

and cast into the gulf of darkness and despair, and left to wander hopeless and forlorn!

Disease I could have supported—poverty have braved; nay, all the accumulated ills of life might have been poured on my devoted head, if the dear solace of all my griefs—in kindness or in mercy—had been spared!

In a state of mind so nearly bordering on distraction, can I, my dear Matilda, think of accepting your or your worthy husband's invitation? Or shall I shamefully embitter that felicity I should envy by the constant obtrusion of unabating grief? The solitude which you seem from whence I have any chance of deriving a cure; for how fatiguing, to a mind oppressed with sorrow, are unmeaning civilities of the weak and the vain! and how few are capable of entering into those calamities from which their own bosoms have been totally exempt! The world, at this period, presents nothing to my view but a dreary desert, where all is cheerless, barren, and forlorn; and I, a wretched outcast being, without one ray of comfort for support!

Farewell, my beloved Matilda! May your happiness long flow in an uninterrupted stream, and may you never (by experience) participate in the misfortunes which agonise the bosom of

FREDERIC D.—

Apollonian Asylum.

"To please, instruct, and harmonise the mind."



THE WORLD IS MAD!

All mankind are mad, tis plain,
Some for places, some embraces;
Some are mad to heap up gain,
And others mad to spend it:

Courtiers we may madmen rate,
Poor believers in deceivers;
Some are mad to hurt the state,
And others mad to mend it.

Lawyers are for Bedlam fit,
Or they never could endeavor
Half the rogueries to commit,
Which we're so mad to let'em:

Poets madmen are no doubt,
With projectors and directors;
Wemen are all mad throughout,
And make us mad to get'em.

THE ISLAND OF GREEN.

Dear Erin! I fly from thy evergreen shores,
And those idols of life which my soul most adores;
I go to that far distant world in the West,
Where the Patriots, dwelling in freedom, are blest;
But deep are my sighs when my footsteps depart,
From the Eden of Zephyrs, the land of my heart;
With regretful remembrance, and painfully keep,
When I think of my country—the Island of Green!

Ah! why should I grieve from thy presence to flee,
When a soil so beloved was ungrateful to me?
I loved thee devoutly, no son could love more,
And for filial affection I'm forced from thy shore!
I sung forth thy wrongs, and I told my sad tale,
I pour'd my complaints on the wings of the gale;
But my songs, my endeavors, all fruitless have been,
To soften thy suff'rings—fair Island of Green!

But ah! hapless Erin! thy soil-cherished foes
Account it no crime to enlarge on thy woes:
He suffers in int'rest, is injured in fame,
Who against thy oppressors attempts to declaim:
With a nation of strangers thy face is o'erspread,
And thy national spirit is slumb'ring or dead;
For the sons of thy bosom are calm and serene,
While they view thy sad suff'rings—fair Island of
Green!

Ah! parent of oaks! from thy vallies I go,
With a heart full of anguish, embitter'd by wo:
I part with my Erin with grief's troubled mind,
For I leave all my wealth of existence behind.
Tho homeless I'm forced from thy borders so fair,
All my dearest heart's treasure I leave to thy care;
And soon shall the ocean spread distance between
The lover, the loved, and the Island of Green!

Now refluent mem'ry my sad bosom swells,
When my fancy on faded felicity dwells;
With mournful remembrance I weep o'er the past,
And the pleasures that shrunk from adversity's
blast:

Now light-hearted youth, and his sweet smiling
train,
The scenes of my childhood return back again,
Empoisoning the present with joys I have seen,
When I thought of no haven but the Island of Green!

Farewell, lovely land, where no serpent defiles,
Farewell, mother Erin, thou fairest of Isles;
On thy pillow of waves may'st thou peacefully rest,
Whilst I range the wide world a lone wand'r'r un-
blest:

The homeless and lonely I'm forc'd from thy shore,
Where the regions of cataract, or waterfalls roar,
And the wild trackless forest, and rude mountain's
scene,

All my love shall repose on the Island of Green!
To thy true born sons, and thy patriots few,
And thy daughters of beauty, a tender adieu;
May the former increase and replenish the land,
Whilst the latter the praise of all nations command:
And may it be mine ere life's eve star has set,
To revisit those plains which I leave with regret;
And find them of smiles and of graces the queen,
My Erin, my Country, my Island of Green!

Written at Sea.

THE HOT DAY.

What a plague's a summer breakfast,
Eat whate'er you will;
A roll is but a nasty thing,
Toast is nastier still.

Then how to pass the time away
Till dinner—there's the doubt;
You're hot if you stay *in the house*,
You're hot if you go *out*.

When dinner comes, Lord help us all,
Such a frying, such a stew;
You're hot if you don't touch a bit,
You're hotter if you do.

Then after dinner what to do,
We're hot do what we will,
Tis hot to sit, to walk, or ride,
And sleeping's hotter still.

And now the kettle comes again,
That's not the way to cool one;
Tea makes an empty stomach hot,
And hotter still a full one.

But then an evening walk's the thing;
Not if you're hot before;
The man who sweats when he sits still,
Will when he moves sweat more.

And now the supper's come, and come
To make bad worse I wot;
For supper, while it heats the cool,
Will never cool the hot.

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